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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

The Values Created by the Community Should Belong to the Community.

SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.

No Monopolization of the National Resources by Lawless Private Combinations More Powerful Than the People's Government.

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SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.

All the Nation's Money to Be Issued by the Nation's Government, and Its Supply to Be Regulated by the People and Not by the Banks.

SEVENTH—NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.

Organizations Powerful Enough to Oppress the People Are No Longer "Infant Industries."

The Martyr of France.

If Captain Dreyfus would really come to the United States he would find that persecution and suffering had prepared a welcome for him hardly less uproarious than that which victory and national pride have secured for Dewey. The warm invitations from citizens of every class and creed cabled through the Journal give an inkling of the reception that would meet the man whom the whole civilized world outside of France believes to have been the victim of an atrocious conspiracy.

The pardon of Captain Dreyfus is a vindication of his innocence, even in France. The character of President Loubet is above suspicion. He represents the substratum of solid principle in the French people that saves the nation when the froth of the boulevards is bubbling above. It would have been utterly impossible for him to pardon a traitor. Such a crime as that charged against Dreyfus is absolutely unpardonable—it admits of no "extenuating circumstances," and no considerations of expediency could have led such a man as Loubet to pardon an officer accused of it if he had not been convinced of his innocence.

The calumniators of France who have predicted assassination, riot and massacre in the event of a failure to send Dreyfus back to Devil's Island must be disappointed at the calm way in which the released prisoner travels about without protection. Apparently nobody has any desire to murder, or even to molest him. He is safe in France. But if he would like to taste the sweets of idolatry let him come to America.

ROCKEFELLER AND HAVE-MEYER DEMOCRATS? NEVER!

In his speech before the Trust Conference in Chicago Governor Atkinson, of West Virginia, made the statement that Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Havemeyer were Democrats.

Coming from a person so distinguished for truth as Governor Atkinson this assertion is staggering.

But fortunately it is not correct. If, either Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Havemeyer should call himself a Democrat it would probably be for the purpose of discrediting Jeffersonian principles.

Men who contribute campaign funds to either party according to the direction of the financial wind are not Democrats. Men who would Republican Cabinets at will—who dangle their trust banners from the desks of Republican Senators, whose legal lapdogs bark for pelf in every Legislature in the land, and who value administrations according to their convenience, are not Democrats.

The Democratic party is not responsible for either the existence or the perpetuation of Rockefeller or Havemeyers.

They are a fungus peculiar to Republicanism, and are fostered by successive Republican Administrations.

ROOSEVELT'S ORATORICAL BRONCO.

In riding an oratorical bronco up the State the other day Governor Roosevelt told the farmers that the "destiny of the Government" lay in their hands.

Good! But what chance have the farmers, or any other class of voters, to "mould the destiny of the Government" when the very men they elect are false to their pledges? Governor Roosevelt was elected by these same farmers. They voted for him because they believed in the innocence of their hearts that in doing so they were "shaping the destiny of the Government."

With a fine mental strabismus in the matter of his promises, Roosevelt now pats the farmers on the back, and, blind to the disgrace of it, talks of shaping Government destinies.

Is it not time for the Governor to do some of the "Government shaping" for which the farmers elected him? How about the carns, for instance? "You must demand honest public service."

says the Governor, still speaking to the men who elected him. Nobody doubts Governor Roosevelt's honesty, but how in the name of the Olympian Jove can the voters get "honest public servants" unless the few servants who happen to be honest keep faith with the people to whom they are pledged?

JEKYLL AND HYDE.

Not long ago it was generally supposed that the soul was a unit. But science knows now that if the soul be a single existence it is at all events one of the most complex of entities. Not alone must a distinction be made between memory and consciousness, but many persons have a double memory, and others, perhaps all of us, a double consciousness. Mental alienists have been aware of this for fifty years, but educated persons did not become generally interested until Stevenson wrote his startling romance, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Our attention has once more been called to this remarkable phenomenon by an incident that occurred the other day at Poughkeepsie. A teacher in the neighborhood appeared in that city haggard, disordered, trembling, and begged to be restrained in an asylum. He said: "Last night I sharpened my razor. If I had remained there I know I should have used it on my pupils. I have restrained myself all I could and my strength is now gone." When he had been locked up he fervently exclaimed: "The children now are safe. I am so tired!" In going to Poughkeepsie he was fleeing from his besetting other self.

Several theories have been advanced to explain this phenomenon, but none is satisfactory. We evidently have two selves—our conscious self and our "sub-conscious" self. The simplest theory seems to be that of Dr. Brown-Sequard. He thought that the two hemispheres of the brain were independent of each other, so that a man might be a saint on the right side and a devil on the left.

Another theory is that the second, the "sub-conscious," self is the dream-self, that in the silence of the night performs so many strange things. This idea is strengthened by the fact that in one important respect it certainly resembles the dream self: the dreamer commits without compunction outrageous, immoral acts of which he would be wholly incapable in his waking moments. And likewise the moral tone of the sub-conscious self is very

low. It has cunning rather than intelligence, its memory is keen, but its reason dull; on the other hand, it possesses a most vivid imagination.

We have heard of wonderful calculating boys. May it not be that the sub-conscious mind is responsible for their feats as well as for the genius of a Mozart?

On the other hand, this "subliminal consciousness" may be responsible for many actions of every day life that seem to be wholly automatic, such as dressing, retracing a well-known path, and the playing of a practised pianist.

SPAIN IN BANKRUPTCY.

Spain has decided to repudiate the interest on her "Cuban bonds." The Madrid dispatch which tells of the action of the Cabinet artlessly says: "It was decided that the interest on the Cuban bonds should be paid by the Government of that island, and not by Spain."

Of course, if Spain is tired of paying her debts she has the privilege of going into bankruptcy. There is no reason why Americans or Cubans should take any interest in the matter. We do not hold any "Cuban bonds." Most of them, we believe, are owned in France, where Spaniards are held in high regard. When the peace treaty was framed last year we explicitly disavowed all responsibility for them, both on our own behalf and on that of Cuba. What becomes of them now is purely a matter between Spain and her creditors, and we shall not be so indiscreet as to intrude in an affair that does not concern us.

MARYLAND.

The Spanish war produced two great naval heroes. Each destroyed a hostile fleet, and between them they brought Spain to her knees. When the hero of Manila comes here to receive the honors he has so richly earned, the hero of Santiago will be dependent on the hospitality of the City of New York for a chance to see him go by. He will be absolutely ignored by the Government to which he brought victory and peace.

Maryland is out of place as a Republican State in any case, but how can she continue to support an Administration that so insults her illustrious son? What would Vermont have said if the clique in power at Washington had treated George Dewey as it has treated Winfield Scott Schley?

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

WE ARE DISPOSED to endorse the move of the Rev. Dr. Gilman, of Paterson, who proposes to call upon the police to prevent the throwing of rice, old shoes and articles of bric-a-brac at newly married couples. It is a foolish custom, signifying nothing so much as imbecility. Its antiquity does not excuse it. To step aboard a railroad train with a bride whose shell-like ears are full of rice is not a good way in which to begin a honeymoon.

ACTING IMMIGRATION COMMISSIONER (HINMAN) says that this year's immigrants are of a better class than formerly. There were 1,980 immigrants in August who had \$30 or over. It would be interesting to know how much they have at present.

LAWYER MOSS has fought 480 verbal Ramapo duels so far, without a drop of truth being shed. Nevertheless, his honor has been satisfied.

WITH A SOLID PEQUOD CLUB behind him, Sheehan may now moisten his hands in the customary way and take a fresh grip on the Tiger's tail.

Mazeiteers Understood in Virginia. Editor of the New York Journal: I herewith enclose you copy of a letter that I send to-day to the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, with clipping, "No Children on the Streets," taken from the Journal of the 16th Inst.

W. T. BAILEY.

(Copy.) Farmville, Va., Sept. 18, 1899.

Mr. Post: I notice that the Maze manipulator (Moss) exploded in the columns of your paper two or three numbers back. As he evidently was suffering from a bilious attack, I herewith send you an "antiseptic," clipped from the New York Journal. Tell him that we read the Journal down here and not to get excited.

W. T. BAILEY.

A Soldier Wants Information.

Editor of the New York Journal: Why should the veterans of the Spanish War who fought in the battles before Santiago be left in the Dewey parade by officers of the volunteer service who never got further than Camp Black? I attended the meeting of the "vets" in the Second Battery Armory last night, and we were divided into companies, to be offered by these chosen officers. Why should not we choose our officers from men who fought with us? LEWIS D. KNIGHT.

September 19.

The Nicaraguan Canal.

(Athens (G.A.) Banner.) Editor Hearst, of the New York Journal, is a signed article covering the entire editorial page, urges Congress to begin at once the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal. There is much sense in what Mr. Hearst has to say on this subject, and we believe the construction of this canal at as early a date as may be practicable will be of great benefit to the interests of the United States. There seems to be no doubt that the canal would yield a splendid income on the investment. That it would largely increase the trade of the United States and of the Southern States is particularly equally certain. That it would be of great benefit to the country in time of war, should we ever again go to war with any nation, there can be no doubt. The Nicaraguan Canal should be built.

PROFESSOR BEMIS CITES FACTS.

He Makes a Forcible Argument at the Syracuse Conference in Favor of Public Ownership.

By Professor Edward W. Bemis.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 21.—The entire discussions of the League of American Municipalities to-day were devoted to municipal ownership, most of the time being taken by its friends to reply to the lengthy criticisms of yesterday and up a pamphlet of 100 pages printed for this occasion by Allen Ripley Foote. Mayor Henry V. Johnson, of Denver, cousin of Hon. Tom L. Johnson; Mayor John MacVicar, of Des Moines, and others, who spoke of the great results already attained by public ownership in their cities or of the abuses of private ownership, had the evident sympathy of the convention.

This was clearly shown later, when Mayor Johnson, of Denver, was elected president for the coming year and another pronounced champion of municipal ownership, Mayor J. A. Johnson, of Fargo, N. D., was elected vice-president.

The Mayors and city engineers at this convention take high rank in all the discussions. Less can be said of the large number of visiting Aldermen, who are conspicuous for their absence from the meetings. The most significant event of the day was the effort of the National Electric Light Association to induce the convention to accept its offer of \$2,500 if the League would raise as much more for the investigation of municipal plants by an engineer to be selected by the National Electric Light Association. The one who said he was responsible for this offer, Mr. Henry S. Doertry, of Madison, Wis., president of the Northwestern Electrical Association, asserted that the development of private plant was being greatly hindered by this municipal ownership agitation, and this investigation was needed to settle the question. As he asserted that he did not believe in the sincerity of city officials, I felt called upon to explain how far private ownership tended to weaken such officials by quoting Mr. Doertry's own advice to the Ohio Gas Light Association, in 1896, to get newspapers and city officials on their staff by judicious distributions of stock. The unanimous resolutions of the Northwestern Electrical Association in 1897 were also quoted, urging the gathering of such facts and figures as would oppose municipal ownership and the rise of pressure against any electrical supply company that should sell supplies to public plants, if the latter should be thought by the association to be injuring good private companies.

The League voted to accept the offer before it if permitted, through its own agent, to examine private plants. The private electricians declared this an impossible condition, and there the matter stands. Furthermore, the League has but \$17 in its treasury, and is only able to pay running expenses out of current dues.

The friends of public ownership, however, if they

had the funds at command, would not need to fear a comparison of the cost, including interest, depreciation, relinquished taxes, etc., in public plants with the changes in private plants, if only there should be an able, fair investigator appointed by each side.

It is very evident that the wealthy and powerful opponents of public ownership are uniting to divert attention to regulation by State commissions, which can themselves be easily regulated by the companies nominally subject to them. The only thing really needed in this direction is State requirement of uniformity of accounts and general supervision through a State official of the book-keeping of municipal undertakings. No harm, but rather great good, could come from this and from requirements for the creation of a sinking fund of 2 to 4 per cent a year.

State regulation of prices of city monopolies, however, is a most insidious interference with local self-government in the apparent interest of our great lighting and street railway companies.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 21.—The election of Henry V. Johnson, of Denver, Col., as president of the League of American Municipalities, which was the principal event of to-day's session, was a great surprise to most of the delegates, as he was practically unknown. While admitted to be a progressive man in municipal affairs, he does not run his city on a conservative and broad basis as does the chief executive of Syracuse.

It is a fact that at least twenty-five cities were pledged to vote for Mayor James C. McGuire, of this city, if he desired the presidency, but a number of Western delegates cornered the Mayor and got him practically to commit himself as being in favor of a Western man for president, and then to withdraw his name.

It is said that the argument used was a novel one, inasmuch as the next meeting of the league will inaugurate with the beginning of the century a broader platform for the league, and that platform will possibly bring some expression from the league on national politics.

The Western element impressed upon Mayor McGuire that the East was already bound to the South, and that this younger daughter of the Union should be introduced and draw the attention of the South to the energy and progressiveness of the West.

Following the election the debate on municipal ownership was resumed, and on this subject Professor Edward W. Bemis, of the Bureau of Economic Research, New York City, declared that many of the assertions of the friends of private ownership were wholly misleading and many of them reports in proof of this were offered. In response to the claim that the reports of American municipalities are unreliable, it was shown that

the undisputed and absolutely reliable British statistics show the most financial superiority of public ownership as do our own.

In reply to the charges of mismanagement under public ownership, Professor Bemis cited facts to prove that public ownership and operation of city monopolies tend to purify government by relieving communities from competing relations with the wealthy; that they also permit of lower charges, better wages and shorter hours of labor, while still paying interest and sinking fund charges. Such public ownership, he said, permits of the extension of gas and water mains, tracks and wires and conduits in large measure by special assessment on the land especially benefited, and prepares the way for the settlement of other monopoly problems. In conclusion, he declared that monopoly in private hands is essentially undemocratic.

J. B. Cahoon offered a resolution that a committee be appointed to investigate municipal lighting plants, the president of the League approving the selection of an expert to be selected by the National Electric Light Association, which offers to bear one-half the total expense (not to exceed \$5,000).

Mayor John MacVicar, of Des Moines, Iowa, continued the debate on municipal ownership. He thought the principal bribe giver in our community is not the advocate of municipal ownership, but the representative of the private corporation. He had learned that not alone is the city official sometimes bribed, but more often the so-called "influential citizen" or the venal press. By gifts of money or stock and by free service these influences are more frequently purchased than are Aldermanic votes.

One fact that has not been made prominent regarding this convention is that 95 per cent of the Mayors and city officials are not more than forty years of age.

The selection of Charleston, S. C., as the next meeting place was due greatly to sentiment and not to anything which Charleston can show in the line of municipal progress. Mayor Adger Smyth, in his invitation, said:

"I invite you to the place where we wrestled together for a time—the city of magnificent disasters. We were the birthplace of secession, but we stand to-day with every section under the flag. Did we not show it in the last war?"

This aroused the convention, and the cheer that greeted his remarks almost shook the building. As a relaxation, the convention this evening enjoyed a vanderbilt show and cake walk at the Alhambra. The delegates were not content with permitting the performers to do their "turns," but took part themselves, enjoying themselves like college boys. Tomorrow the vital question of municipal ownership will be taken up.

PATHOS BUREAU STARTED TO EXPORT GLOOM FROM THE TOWN OF COLUMBUS, O.

A literary man in Columbus, Ohio, who holds that the sad things of life may be very and indeed, but still possess a market value, has started a new industry. He is selling pathos by the yard. His enterprise is called "The Pathos Bureau of Ohio."

It is his idea that in some parts of the country the sombre is not sufficiently appreciated, or that the output of it is restricted. Realizing how solemn a thing it is to live in Columbus, he has invented the profession of exporting pathos from that point.

"During the Dewey celebration," his circular says in effect, "all will not be joy and merriment. The ordinary, dull tragedies of life will still be going on behind the bunting-clad windows. Many a variegated colored badge will be pinned over an aching heart! (Stage direction—Here sigh!)"

He goes on to explain that contrasts are exceedingly striking things, and that the newspaper that seethers through its pages, amid the merriment, anecdotes of those who freeze to death, or who are inconvenienced because it will be a general holiday and the pawnshops will be closed, will make several different kinds of hits with its readers.

He sends out eight pathetic Dewey day stories, each one tagged, numbered and indexed in plain figures, with the price at which it can be supplied to the editor who wants it, f. o. b. at Columbus.

Here is a specimen of the product of the Ohio Pathos Manufacturing Company:

SAMPLE M. 31.—Our Frail Old Woman Goods Hemmed with a Three-Ply Gloom.

It was Dewey day. A frail woman, in widow's weeds, staggered for a moment and clutched blindly at her neighbor. It was only a momentary business, but she stepped in the doorway of an office building and, staring at her weakness, moved no further.

"Presently a man came along distributing badges in honor of the return of the battle-mad heroes. The picture was a homecoming scene, ruddy executed, but of what wonderous significance to her!"

"I cannot wear it," she murmured in broken thanks; "it means, oh, God, so much to me! But I will take it home."

And all the while that the regiment marched by with flags flying, drums beating and fifes shrill voices piping liveliness to the weary stragglers, the woman clutched a tear-stained bit of lavender ribbon to her aching heart. Of how it had ended she carried away but a confused memory, clouded with a weight of sorrow such as only her

broken heart could know. And in her dreams would rise up that night the ever present picture of a soldier's homecoming, only to fade away into the bitterness of utter desolation and despair.

Yet treasured fondly in an old worn Bible is a yellow scrap of a soldier's last letter and a tear-stained lavender badge of honor.

The product of the factory, of course, includes a line of "tot" stories. Of these the following is the most meritorious:

SAMPLE G. 98.—What We Offer of the "Little Tot" Brand.

It was Dewey day! For on the alleyway leading back to the tenements crouched in the foggy darkness of the night three little emaciated orphans, sister, to steal a last look at the brown leaves in the baker's window—leaves as far beyond their hungry grasp as the stars in the pitiless heavens above them.

In the shadow of the awning they halted and feasted their yearning eyes on the coveted treasures, peering out their souls' longings in the pitiless broken flap of famished childhood.

And close behind a man flattered with a hunted look in his bloodshot eyes and a bitter tugging at his best strings. While they still gazed in a hungry fascination, the leaves were snatched away by an eager hand within, and through the tears that, burning, gushed to their quivering eyes, they dimly saw a street, rough man, who filled their own with mamas as from the heavens, and rushed away through the darkness, as though pursued by a fiend.

An hour later, in a dingy, sticky garret, a fugitive deer, with the blood of a comrade trailing across his soul, flung a last trio of copper to his aching aching fingers.

Then he arose with a grimy reckless smile and shot him self.

The combined "tot" and woman in black series is thoroughly reliable and guaranteed not to wash. It includes an eloquent reference, without extra charge, to the coldness and gauntness of the Brooklyn Bridge, showing that New York local color can be turned out as well in Columbus as here. This sample is the boss one in the sample case of the Pathos Manufacturing Company:

SAMPLE M. 89.—Series X, Our Combination Widow and Starving Tot.

It was Dewey day!

A great gallop, cold bridge stretched out across the silent river like the arm of a merciless avenger. And the moonlight twinkling through a rift in the hurrying clouds disclosed for a moment in its very centre the form of a frail woman clasping to her bosom a weeping child.

Of how it had ended she carried away but a confused memory, clouded with a weight of sorrow such as only her

city's streets, mother and child. Seemingly deserted by the farthing soldier husband and father, with no place to lay their heads, search for employment, persistent and unceasing, had wholly failed.

In the homes of the wealthy, the Christian-like, the reputed philanthropists, the public spirited and the most actively charitable on the popular lists, the same answer had been received.

"No reference." No one to touch for you! And then the child; she could not be worried with her; could not have her in our beds. No, without the child it might be different; but with her—No, you could not bring her. So sorry indeed."

And two days later they fished them out of the river, mother and child.

At least she could take her there!

The company, knowing that pathos and humor go hand in hand, supplies a line of "funny stuff" woven on a pathos loom. This is a new departure that cannot fail to please customers, as this one shows:

SAMPLE S. 93.—Our Unexcelled Hand-Woven Pathos and Humor Mixed.

It was Dewey day!

Some of the splashing of a madheaded sea dog came from the bathroom, and a man's guttural voice uttered a hoarse invective.

He had lost the soap.

In the last chamber adjoining a wife's loving hands were being order out of the chaos of her last, latest, dearest. The patched and faded trousers were handled, so, the worn shoes were placed in the hallway for the servant's attention; the blue suit and heavy shirt were carefully arranged in the closet. Then, woman like, she must needs have an idea.

The coat was again brought forth. The search of it produced a note from her capacious, and the note it comprehended in the dancing eyes as a packet of letters shown in the inner pocket.

"Dear Tom," and she kissed the peeping page, "how he loved me!" Gradually they were extracted, her expression suddenly changed. The flushed face visibly, the dancing eyes flashed fire, and the song it compressed in anger.

When the husband came from the bath his coat and a worn wife met him with the wit of an only son.

"Explain!" and the attitude was that of a

Gon. The husband looked and succeeded to a moment.

What she wanted him was a cardboard box, which he had bought from a peddler, and which she had hidden in the closet.

The pathos makes Columbus a little the first jump.

In our museum, you may well imagine we were pleased."

As an article to inspire reverence or engender patriotism, Dewey's liver is a failure. But when I come to think of how near I came to robbing a people of the hero of the ages, of how it made the winning of a battle an easy matter for him, I discovered a new interest.

Previous to the operation, Dewey had been a pronounced invalid. Not alone that his men did his discipline apply, but it extended to his own actions. He at times seemed to take a vicious pleasure in disciplining himself. All this can be directly traced to his liver, since, after the operation, he became far less severe with his men and with himself. But it was the habits of mind thus formed that made it possible for him to win the battle of Manila.

I took the steamer back for Syracuse the next afternoon, after heartily thanking the gentlemen who had been so courteous to me. As the steamer pulled out, I tried to take one long last look at the Naval Hospital, while I congratulated myself upon being the first American to see Dewey's liver.

While in Palermo I endeavored to find Mrs. Anna Fillmore, who, Dr. Kershaw told me, was the nurse who attended Dewey during his stay at Valletta. I found that she had died in 1897.

Her niece, a pretty English woman, with whom she had stayed during her death, took me upstairs into the room which served as a parlor. From the mantle she took a velvet watch case.

"Open it," she said. I did so, and found therein a gold watch. On the inside cover were engraved the words:

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF KINDNESS PERFORMED AT MALTA, 1893. GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N. TO MRS. ANNA FILMORE.

ROY S. SNARD DRAKE.